

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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Charles P. Moore
Editor
"The Christian Standard" on
the Wine Making at Cana
of Galilee.

"The Christian Standard", an
organ of the Christian or Disciples
church, published at Cincinnati,
Ohio, talks like a religious paper
should do, on the subject of the
liquor traffic.

It recognizes, of course, our per-
sonal duty to abstain from the use
of intoxicants, but it goes further
than this and says we must use
our civil right to put down the
liquor traffic, by voting for Prohi-
bition.

But in its issue of September 16,
there is discussed a question bear-
ing on the liquor traffic that is
going to test the moral courage of
the editor of that paper. It is
that story about Jesus' making
wine at Cana of Galilee.

Bro. Tillman of Knoxville, Ten-
nessee, is a total abstinence man,
and he objects to the fact that the
"Standard Bible Lesson Commen-
tary" teaches, that at Cana of
Galilee, Jesus made "real intoxi-
cating wine," and encouraged its
use.

He most pertinently and forc-
ibly says:

The example of Christ is the end of
all controversy. No expediency can
ever require of us any course of con-
duct different from that of Him who
came to save the world. We can not
be under higher obligation to regard
the weak brother than was Christ
himself. Let some one answer these
questions: If Jesus made "real" (intoxi-
cating) wine at the wedding feast,
(30 gallons of it)—made it to be used
as a beverage, and ordered it so used—
say not the brewer and distiller of our
own day furnished with a justifica-
tion? If Jesus drank "real" (intoxi-
cating) wine, knowing, as he did, that
it was doing him harm, would he not
be compelled to tell us so? Would he
not be compelled to tell us so? Would
he not be compelled to tell us so?

To this Bro. A. N. Gilbert of
Cleveland, Ohio, who writes the
Standard Bible Lesson Commen-
tary, makes a most sensible and
honest and just reply.

The substance of his reply is
that he appreciates the very natu-
ral difficulty and embarrassment
of Bro. Tillman; that he is sorry
the difficulty does exist, and that
his prejudices against the liquor
traffic would make him remove it
if he could, but that as a faithful
commentator on the Scriptures he
is bound to recognize the exist-
ence of the difficulty.

These good brethren are equally
honest and equally right in their
views. The first, as a moralist,
has a right to object to any moral-
ist making wine and encourag-
ing the use of it.

That the making and drinking
of wine is wrong is one of the set-
tled and established facts among
Prohibitionists, and can no
longer be open to discussion with-
out a surrender of the very basal
principles of Prohibitionists.

That the wine that Jesus is said
to have made on that occasion,
was the same "real, intoxicating
wine" that is commonly alluded
to in the Old and New Testaments
as being dangerous, is beyond a
doubt, according to all well es-
tablished principles of translation
and criticism.

All the efforts to make it ap-
pear that it was merely fresh and
unfermented grape juice, are sim-
ply the apologies and evasions and
subterfuges of men who are
driven to a last extremity. Such
reasoners assume a position and
then argue to suit the assumption,
instead of accepting the evident
truth in the case, and abiding the
consequences.

All the liquor papers appreciate
that they have the believers in the
infallibility of the Christian
Scriptures at a disadvantage on
this story of Jesus' making wine,
and they are continually quoting
it, and with absolutely resistless
force.

It does not amount to anything
to quote other passages of script-
ure against the use of wine. As
Bro. Tillman says, "The example
of Christ is the end of all contro-
versy." We are all accustomed
to say "Actions speak louder than
words"; and if there were plain
and unmistakable utterances of
Jesus against the drinking of
wine, this reputed miracle at Cana
would more than cancel them.

But not only is there no ex-
pression of Jesus against wine
drinking, but his own language
indicates that he was a wine
drinker.

In Matthew 11:18-19, we have
the following: "For John came
neither eating nor drinking, and
they say, He hath a devil."

The Son of man came eating
and drinking, and they say, Be-
hold a man gluttonous and a wine
bibber."

There is but one answer to this
statement that Jesus made wine
at Cana, and that is that he never
did it. This is the answer of
truth and honesty, and the one
that Christians must learn to
make, if they ever succeed in in-
fluencing the broad-minded and
honest and intelligent.

If there is not in the beautiful
life of Jesus and in his heroic de-
fence of the pure and good that
caused his death, nothing to excite
one's love and admiration of him,
and if there is not in the beauti-
ful code of ethics that he taught
nothing that commands them to
us, no belief in miracles can ever
impart the true Christian spirit
in the hearts of the people. "An
evil and adulterous generation
seeketh after a sign," (or miracle),
but the man who is fully imbued
with the sentiment of the great
teacher, only cares to love his
neighbor as himself, and to do to
others as he would have them do
to him.

Grant that Jesus worked the
miracle of turning a few jars of
water into wine, what would it
amount to compared with the
magicians of Egypt that simply
held out their wands and all the
waters of the Nile, and every lake
and pool and spring and rivulet in
Egypt was turned into blood?

Think of Niagara pouring
warm blood that thundered in the
depths below and flew into crim-
son spray on the hoary rocks, and
then seethed and boiled in the
whirlpool below, then floated all
the shipping on Ontario and rushed
down the rapids of the St. Law-
rence and bloodied the Atlantic
ocean clear across to Ireland, and
rolled in the tide up the English
channel and the Thames until it
washed with gory waves the base
of the parliament house in London,
and yet every drop of all this blood,
under a magnifying glass, just the
same that comes from our cut
flesh, and then you may imagine
what occurred in Egypt, when at
the wave of the magicians wand,
the whole Nile, from its proverbially
unholy head to its delta at the
Mediterranean, poured blood
that rolled over its wonderful
cataracts as the water now pours
over Niagara.

What is the miracle of turning
182 gallons of water into wine,
compared with that magician's
miracle in Egypt that made such
flows of blood that any one of the
seven mouths of the Nile would
have floated the present British
navy in blood as true and genuine
as ever flowed from the veins of
martyr or patriot?

But who believes this Bible
story of Egyptian magic? Not a
single sane and intelligent man
in the State of Kentucky.

What else then can we expect
than that our churches should be
filled with people that we can not
influence by argument and moral
suasion, when we appeal to them
in behalf of Prohibition and other
measures to promote morals, when
our learned clergy are teaching
the people that belief in such
stories is the great and main
feature in Christianity?

In all the cycles of the universe
there never was one drop of water
turned into blood or wine, by
magic or miracle, and every edu-
cated man and woman in the land
knows this.

Why then will true and honest
Christians who are trying to ac-
complish the greatest reform that
has ever been attempted in the
annals of Christianity, give to
their enemies and the enemies of
good morals, this evident advan-
tage over the true spirit of Chris-
tianity, simply for the sake of de-
fending an unreasonable dogma
that had its origin in intellectual
darkness and religious supersti-
tion, which demanded that no
moral code could be binding on
our consciences until attested,
confirmed and ratified by mir-
acles?

If the smallest dewdrop that
glitters upon a blade of bluegrass
were, by miracle converted into
wine, the result would be a wreck
of matter and a crush of worlds,
and the universe would crumble
into chaos. It would as truly re-
verse and overthrow the laws of
nature as to arrest the earth and
the planets in their orbits around
the sun.

Just as the stopping of the
smallest wheel in the mechanism
of a great clock would so derange
all other wheels as that the hands
upon its dial would no longer
mark the flight of time, so an in-
terference with the harmonious

would throw into absolute discor-
dance that govern a dew drop,
the music of the spheres, and to
the remotest bounds of the uni-
verse every wheel would be
clogged, the motion of suns and
moons of planets and stars
would cease, and time would be
no more.

Cleveland Ohio Gets Away
With me on Bob Ingersoll.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 6, 1891.
Editor of Blue Grass Blade.

We, the Prohibitors of this part
of the country are in sympathy with
you to a certain extent. But to a
man up a tree, it is hard to see
where the Prohibition party would
gain anything if it were to emu-
late the example set by your ideal
Bob Ingersoll.

True he has made fine speeches
in favor of temperance, so have
thousands of preachers all over
the land. True he has advocated
the Prohibition of the liquor
traffic; so have the preachers.

Now when it comes to voting
where do we find Ingersoll? Did
you ever hear any one accuse him
of voting against the Republican
party? Oh, you may say, But
look at the beautiful lessons he
teaches. What better are beauti-
ful lessons and speeches from Bob
Ingersoll than from a preacher, if
he does not follow his precepts?

It seems narrow-mindedness in
you to see the language you do in
reference to Sam Jones, one who
has done more good for Prohi-
bition than Ingersoll ever will.
Why? Because Jones votes as he
prays and preaches; and for the
life of me I can not see the differ-
ence between a religious hypocrite
and a non-religious one.

It costs no more for Ingersoll to
mouth about the beauties of Prohi-
bition than it does any one else.
And where he does any more good
than any other mouthy non-voting
hypocrite I fail to see.

We have hundreds of infidels in
our city, but as yet, we have
failed to find them at the voting
for Prohibition. All our strength,
with few exceptions, comes from
the churches.

Yours truly,
A. H. MASON.

That is a splendid letter. It
hoists both Ingersoll and me on
our own petard, and is the best
answer to Ingersoll I have ever
read. I have heard and read a
good many men on the "Mistakes
of Ingersoll," but this Cleveland
brother is the first man I have
ever met that beat him.

Ingersoll ran rough-shod over
Brethren Jerry Black and Fields
and Gladstone, and Bro. Wen-
dell on Ingersoll always reminds
me of a little dog barking at the
moon.

But this Cleveland Mason is a
wise master builder, and he has
taken Ingersoll's logic and
whacked him over the head with
it, and hit me some pretty good
raps over old Bro. Bob's shoulders.

One of Ingersoll's charges
against the Christians of this day,
if I am not mistaken, is that while
they claim to be followers of a
meek and lowly master, they are
in their lives just as sordid and
selfish and vain glorious as any
body else.

Col. Ingersoll glorifies consis-
tency and then says that the
Christians are not consistent. But
how much better is the Colonel!
If the Christians are hypocrites
because they do not practice what
they preach, what can we say of
a man of the mighty genius of Bro.
G. Ingersoll who is always extol-
ling the beauty of good morals,
and the loveliness and purity of
woman; and yet when it comes to
a vote, he votes against Prohi-
bition, and therefore votes for the
liquor traffic, that his genius, and
great and extended experience,
and knowledge make him know to
be the sum of all villainies—the
Pandora's box from which seem
to come all sins and hang like
this unhappy country.

Col. Ingersoll is the author of
some of the most beautiful pan-
egyrics on woman that the Eng-
lish language has produced. He
has not hesitated when it was pro-
posed to enfranchise the ignorant
negro, or the Indian savage with
the scalp of Custer at his belt, and
the blood of the victims of the
"Sun dance" on their hands; but
he drew the line at woman, when
she asked the right to say at the
polls that the distiller and brewer
and saloon-keeper should not
ruin and damn her precious boy.

I believe Col. Ingersoll has done
good in the world. I believe he
was right and conscientious when
by the sword he helped to over-
throw slavery, and that he has
done good with his mighty pen
and tongue in overthrowing
superstition and the tables of the
money changers, and lashing with

a whip of scorpions, from the
temple of pure Christianity them
that sold doves, and followed the
great Master for the loaves and
fishes; but I am bound to say with
Bro. Mason that I can't see the
difference between a religious
hypocrite and a non-religious one.

It is all right and nice, in the
great, and generous, and noble,
and bold Colonel to march up
and vote with the party that hy-
pothetically supports the liquor
traffic, and is afraid to use that
manly and defiant championship,
of which the Colonel is the bright
exemplar; but when one of these
Eulogized American women wants
the right to say at the polls that
she wants to stop the liquor traffic,
that is ruining her husband or
father or brother or son, and
breaking her heart and starving her
children, this knightly champion
of woman seems to shudder with
horror at the idea of woman being
drawn into this polluting con-
tract.

As to my expressed admiration
of Col. Ingersoll that called forth
this letter, I must confess that I
was more driven to it by the in-
consistency of Christians than
drawn to it, by the consistency of
Col. Ingersoll.

Have before said in the Blade
something like I now say about
Col. Ingersoll's inconsistency, but
it never before struck me so forcibly
that Col. Ingersoll, in this
most important of all the moral
issues before the world, is being a
hypocrite just as truly as the
Christians that vote with him on
this great question.

Many infidels have patted me
on the back for what I have
said about religion, but I want
all such to understand that my
religion judges a tree by its fruits.

If such infidels have had such
superior intellectual ability as to
discover the theological specula-
tions of the Christian world, they
are under all the greater obli-
gation to set these people a good
example in putting down the prac-
tical errors of the world, that bear
immediately upon human happi-
ness.

If it be true, as this Cleveland
gentleman says of Prohibition, that
"All our strength, with few excep-
tions comes from the churches,"
and if it be true that the proud
American born Rationalist walks
up to the polls with the foreign
born Catholic Irish saloon-keeper,
or the foreign born German
Catholic brewer, either of whom
would be proud to kneel and kiss
the Pope's toe, and that Rational-
ist votes with the Democratic
Catholic Irishman, or the Republi-
can German Catholic, to fix and
establish in this country a "trans-
action which that Rationalist knows
to be the greatest evil that has ever
afflicted the world, what is to keep
one of these enlightened Christians
who believes that the river Nile
once ran pure blood, and that
Joshua made the sun stand still,
and that the world is only six
thousand years old, and that
snakes and donkeys used to talk,
what, I say, is going to keep
these Christian ignoramus from
looking at the lowest type of a
foreign born Irish Catholic saloon-
keeper, and the highest type of
American born Rationalist that
votes with this saloon-keeper, and
asking where is the practical dif-
ference between the two? And
what are you Rationalists going
to say when they ask you to show
the difference?

Every body knows, that knows
anything about me and the Blade,
that, more than all the editors in
Kentucky put together, I have,
by my book, by my paper and by
my speech defended the Rational-
istic view of religion.

Among Kentucky gentlemen
who are Rationalists, and who
have appreciated this in me, are
some of the finest and wealthiest
and best educated and most moral
men in the State. Some of them
have freely helped me with their
money and moral support, and
some of them most earnestly vote
with me and work with me for
Prohibition.

But if Rationalists claim that
there are a great many who are
such at heart, who are not willing
to proclaim it as a matter of expedi-
ency—which of itself is not very
creditable—how can they consis-
tently with the claims of the su-
periority of Rational views, admit
that the great mass of the voters
for Prohibition are from the
churches?

Just as sanctified cant among
Christians that lend themselves to
all unrighteousness excites the
disgust of the free thinker, so will
earnest and honest Christians, and
earnest and honest infidels be dis-
gusted with those who pride them-
selves that they have risen above
the superstition of our ancestors,
and yet, on a great moral issue,
vote with the most degraded and
most superstitious and most hypo-
critical of all the religionists.

With all the light that has been
brought to bear upon the evils of

the liquor traffic, no intelligent
Rationalist—Col. Ingersoll or any
other—can be consistent until he
votes with the Prohibition party,
and uses every reasonable en-
deavor to advance its interests.

A "Christian" Lexington Bank
Cashier in Trouble.

Bro. William Bright, late
Cashier of the Lexington National
Exchange Bank, is having trouble
in the spirit.

Bro. Bright is a Republican and
a devout "Christian" of the North-
ern Methodist persuasion, and
"roars you as gently as a sucking
dove," as a bass in the choir of
the Broadway Methodist church in
this city.

He has been associated with
a Mr. Cheppin in the dog busi-
ness. I do not know Mr. Cheppin,
nor whether he is related to
"Chippy" who was advised to
"get your hair cut".

Dogs are expensive luxuries in
this country, and it takes a bank
to run even a respectable dog
business.

At a church fair here the other
day they had a dog for which the
owner said he had refused \$10,000.

There is no telling what one of
these bluegrass dogs would bring
if one were actually sold. I never
heard of one being sold, but from
what their owners are constantly
refusing for them I imagine they
must be very valuable.

I don't know much about dogs,
but suppose these dogs are some
kind of a short horn or short
tail variety, whose superior ex-
cellence is, like our race horses and
whisky, attributable to the grass
and corn of this region.

Bro. Bright's is another illus-
tration of the trouble that
men get into from not searching the
scriptures. Philippians 3:2
says "Beware of dogs". Those
three little words would have
saved Bro. Bright. Or, if, as a
classic scholar, he had remembered
the Roman maxim, "Cave canem",
how happy he might now have
been.

I don't know that Brethren
Bright and Cheppin were trying
to get up a corner on dogs, like
"Old Hutch" did on Chicago
whisky, but Bro. Bright as Cashier
of the National Exchange Bank
allowed his associate in the dog
business to overdraw his account
\$38,495.80. To a mere novice in
the dog trade that sounds like a
great deal of money; but with
dogs at \$10,000 each it only takes
three and a half dogs to come to
more than that.

The collapse in the price of
dogs that busted the combination
was probably owing to the failure
in the dog show that was lately
given up here by General Gentry
and Bro. Dick Reed a deacon in
the Presbyterian church in this
city, for a church charity. When
they got through, so far from
there being anything to give to the
poor and afflicted, Gen. Gentry
had to go down into his breeches
pocket and haul out his big wal-
let to pay the expenses of the
thing. The General is still alive,
but his friends are solicitors about
him, and are keeping such things
as pistols and shot guns and razors
and "rough on rats" out of his
hands.

The expenses of that church
dog show—or dog chinch show,
whichever it was—were enor-
mous.

One item was a mile and a half
of Beatty picket fence—see adver-
tisement in this paper—that had
to be built on Sunday, and took
fifteen men all day, to keep from
interfering with the training of the
race horses, on the grounds where
the dog show was to come off.

Race horse men are consen-
tious about training their horses on
Sunday, but the dog show being
under the management of a Pres-
byterian church officer, who is
also a Denominational officer of the
law, and the dog show being for
a religious purpose, the little mat-
ter of working fifteen men all day
in the broiling hot sun and fear-
ful drouth on Sunday, with two
or three hundred church bosses to
superintend them, did not amount
to much.

But Bro. Reed's failure in the
church dog show, knocked the
bottom out of the dog business,
and when the government officers
came around to examine Bro.
Bright's bank it was found that
the great "Meadowthorpe" dog
farm which he had allowed to
overdraw its account, could not
quite its overdraft, and Bro. Bright
resigned.

We people who are not pious
ought to take a warning from
this; for if a pious and sanctified
Methodist, who belongs to the
"high moral" party in politics, can
get himself into a pickle of this
kind what would we ungodly
people do if any of us should be
trusted with the cashiership of a
bank?

TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM
THE BLADE MAY COME.

The issue of Oct. 24th begins
the second year of the Blade, and
I hope that those who intend to
take it will be as prompt as they
can in paying me for it—\$2.00 a
year for persons in good circum-
stances, and \$1.00 a year for per-
sons who can not afford to pay
more, and will tell me so.

The Blade will go to all persons
to whom it went last year who
have not ordered it discontinued.
Those who have not paid me for
last year will please do so, if
they feel that they ought to do so,
and if not, please notify me to dis-
continue it, in order that I may
not incur further loss by sending
it to them.

I will have no collector and will
not dnn you for it. If you are
willing to pay me send the amount
by mail and you will receive a receipt.

Fraternally yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

Queen & Crescent Route

Will sell cheap excursion tickets
to Dallas, Texas, and return on
October 15, 20, 24 and 28, good
for return until November 4th,
from Cincinnati and coupon sta-
tions on the Cincinnati Southern
railroad, between Cincinnati and
Junction City. Also from sta-
tions on the Louisville Southern
railroad including Louisville.
D. G. EDWARDS,
150 N. 4 G. H. & T. A.

Canute—A Noted Fable.

Canute was Chairman of the G. O.
P., and had stolen mailing lists and
voted blocks of five and made a
special issue of two-dollar bills to use
in Indiana until his head was swelled
so that he had to wear a rubber hat. At
last he considered himself capable of
maneuvering with the ocean, and he
went down to Barneget to stop a Prohi-
bition wave. He snuck down a peg
marked Civil Damage Act, and the
next wave washed over it. He became
interested and drove down a peg
marked Local Option, and it was sub-
merged also. With an angry counte-
enance he stepped back and drove a
new peg marked High License, but
it also disappeared. "Sit down there
yourself," said a courier with a breath
on him that would bar a car-horse,
"that wave dare not touch your sac-
red person." So Canute planted his
chair on the beach, took some more
of the same bottle, and remarked:
"This foolishness has got to stop." It
was during the equinox of '92, and a
wave came in that swatted him over
the face with an ancient and water-
soaked swat, and filled his lap with
clamshells and sand, and he cried:
"Insenate and lying courtiers, see
how it is, what miracle shall I per-
form now?"

"The easiest one in the world," said
a good Western man, standing near by,
"just move your chair higher up on
the beach."

And so Canute went home and hung
his clothes on the pickets to dry and
the tide went right on.—A. T. Wor-
den, in The Voice.

Law Enforcement in Dakota.

The saloon men have tried boldly to
make the prohibitory law a farce in
Sioux Falls, S. Dak., but in spite of
their efforts progress has been made.
The Committee of One Hundred, which
has interest itself in the enforcement
of Prohibition, has issued a public
statement, in which it says:

"The prohibitory law is better en-
forced than was ever any restrictive
or license law in this city. Under
license every saloon nearly was a
gambling house, with a high hand
defying practically every legal pro-
ceeding made to hold it in restraint."

"The open saloon is simply a thing
of the past in Sioux Falls."

"To-day there are no places where
crowds collect openly to spend their
evenings in drinking and riot, to be
turned out to make midnight brawls
on the streets."

"Arrests for drunkenness have
markedly decreased in number.
The twenty saloons and upwards
of the city under license, with their
well-known and influential proprie-
tors, without an exception, have gone
out of the business. The employees of
those proprietors have followed the
same course, and the costly and mag-
nificent fixtures of the more conspi-
cuous of these saloons have been re-
moved from the State."

"The present sellers of liquors are
under the ban of the law, and it is
they, with their friends, who manifest
extreme restlessness and hot discon-
tent."

ORGANIZE THE JUNIORS.

It is a crime to neglect this Promis-
ing Field.

The Wideawake Junior Prohibition
Club of Quincy, Ill., has been inter-
viewing prominent leaders on the
work of Junior clubs. The opin-
ions are unanimously favorable.
Below are a few. "It is to be hoped
that all the young men in the United
States will enter in with the work of
the Junior movement in order to
bring about sobriety and de-
cency in our land." One says that
it is "the one branch of the tem-
perance cause that shows the most
promise of immediate result." "The
Junior movement by educating the
boys to be Prohibitionists before old
party prejudices possess them, gives
promise of great strength to the Pro-
hibition party. The Juniors are origi-
nal Prohibitionists, while we who are
older are grafted into the Prohibition
party."

Another says: "To me it is the
promise of the Prohibition party." In
this way should the Junior movement
be pushed—by enlightening the peo-
ple on the subject. It will never
amount to anything until the people
understand it.

Programme of Fair
PRICES ON FANCY DRY GOODS

This Week

WHITE GOODS

Still got at cost. Our stock yet contains many beau-
tiful designs in White and Black Flouncings.

LADIES' SHIRTS

At \$1.25, \$1.50 \$1.75 and \$2.00. "The Vas-
sar" is the only perfect ladies shirt made.

CORSETS

Ventilating Corsets at 50c, 85c and one \$1.00.
popular brands of Corsets from 25c to \$3.50.

CORSET WAISTS

We are sole agents in Lexington for The Equinox
and all of Annie Jenness Miller's famous Waists.

UMBRELLAS

A good umbrella for 75c, a better one for 90c or
\$1.00. Splendid Gloria's, with Oxydized Handles,
for \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Fine silk Um-
brellas from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS

No. 7 W. Main Street.

THOMPSON & BOYD

Manufacturers of

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Another Distressing Instance of the Work of Kentucky Whiskey.

As I write this the papers of the state are printing the particulars of one of the most distressing instances of the effects of whiskey that I have ever known. The victim is my relative and friend, and his sweet wife and sweet and beautiful boy and girl are dear to the hearts of my family and myself.

I would never mention it except that I want to do good to others by so doing, and make this case strike home to his relatives and friends and mine, who are Christian people who vote for the liquor traffic by voting for the Democratic party in this state, and at whose door lies the responsibility of the ruin of this man.

Before the election last August I personally begged some of the relatives of this fallen man, to vote with the Prohibition party.

They are the most punctilious observers of the forms of the conventional religion, and are good citizens, except that by their votes for the Democratic party in this state, they uphold and encourage this atrocious, infamous, damnable, damned and damning liquor infamy.

Their main reply to me was to laugh, and tell me that I was an infidel, and one of them said he thought he would vote with the Prohibition party when it looked like it was "strong enough to do anything," but for the present he did not want to "throw his vote away, by voting for a party, that stood no show to be elected."

They are not laughing to-day like they were.

The man who has fallen a victim to this national sin, was the cashier of a beautiful bank that had been organized and built especially for him, and which for ten years he has managed with signal success and competency. He is the son of a man who was one of the leaders in the Christian church, who died in old age, and who has been instanced thousands of times as a model for young men. The son is an exceedingly handsome man, has received a college education, was the pride of the patrons of his bank; and when I took a dinner with him in his beautiful rooms in the bank building not long since, in the most reverent manner he bowed his head and thanked God for his daily bread.

The directors of the bank have been in the habit of having occasionally, different intoxicating drinks in the bank, at their meetings.

The cashier did not drink with them, but it now develops that for the last two years he has been drinking, and it is understood that repeated absences from his bank while he was in other cities, was for the purpose of drinking whiskey.

Now he has gone, abandoned a wife and children that were devoted to him, nobody among his friends know where he is, and these directors who voted for whiskey and set it before him, have elected another cashier.

I am sorry for that man and pity him. The appetite that would make him throw away all that he has and become an outcast must be fearful.

But the people who excite my contempt and arouse my indignation, until what I feel would be proper to put in print, are the near friends and relatives of that man who are also my friends and relatives, who not having this accursed thirst for liquor themselves, and claiming to be Christians will, from year to year march up to the polls and perpetuate this liquor infamy by voting with the Democratic party in this state, for no reason in the world except that of old political whiskey bloats and rakes, and another lot of hireling editors want them to do so, to give offices to those old sets and libertines, and put money, more unhalloved than that that was paid to Judas, into the pockets of a set of editors who know how to do nothing on the devil's earth but to bowl for Democracy, and occasionally print little lying sneers against decent people who are working for Prohibition.

I suppose I come nearer being a Simon-pure heathen than is all wool and a yard wide, than any man in the state of Kentucky. I am the only man in the state that I know of who brags on being a heathen in public print, and don't care a darn who knows it.

To me, Jesus Christ and Zoroaster, Confucius and Buddha, Socrates, Gautama, Sachi Ammon and Apollonius of Tyana, are all great and good alike except that the first stands at the head, and has, more than all the others, blessed the age and country in which I live; but if to keep up the liquor traffic be a part of Christianity, and those men who vote to ruin and crush and break the hearts of that dear sweet woman and her children who have been heard to pray for the return of their father—I say if such as these be Christians, I don't want any Christianity in mine, and the Buddhists in India are right who to-day are translating the writings of Ingersoll into their language to beat this introduction of Christianity and ruin into their country.

The greatest moral enormity on earth to-day is the liquor traffic.

Christianity has been proven a failure that it can not put it down. Mahometanism can put it down, and has done so from the time Mahomet told his people not to use liquor, nor to taste wine. The Christians say their great teacher made wine, and his followers get from it authority to run breweries and distilleries and make dogs and hogs and beasts of themselves.

I want the Mahometans here, I want them bad, and I want them p. d. q. I saw lots of them in the French army when Napoleon III was alive. They looked down upon all Christians as dogs. They were as black as a plug hat; their hair was straighter than ours, and they were just as handsome as the "Moor of Venice" that Desdemona got mashed on. But there were two things you can't make them do—eat hog meat or drink liquor. They had been using cartridges for years that were greased with hogs' lard, before they found it out, but as soon as they did find it out they threw away those cartridges, and their Christian commanders, could not make them touch one again, though they tied some of them to the mouths of cannon and fired them off. They would just as soon go to the devil as go into one of these Christian drinking saloons, here in Lexington.

Yes we want Mohammedan missionaries here and want them bad. The most degraded religion in the world now is Kentucky Christianity.

How they observe the "Sabbath Law in the Bluegrass Region."

I have told you once before that there was no such thing as a Sabbath or "Lord's day" or anything akin to either of these, in the Christian religion. Sunday and Monday, or Monday, were the two days set apart by the heathen for the worship of the sun and moon. One of the things for which the Jews killed Jesus was that he would not keep the sabbath.

Even if the Sabbath had been a part of the Christian religion it would be contrary to the Constitution of the United States to make a law enforcing a sabbath, because that constitution does not allow religion to be enforced by law. Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine and Ben Franklin, who made that constitution were all infidels, and they did not take any religion in them.

Some time ago you know I told you about a big ball, or "hugging match," that the Christians had in the Opera House in Lexington to raise money for a church charity. They said that old way of laying by in store as God had prospered you like they used to do in the Apostolic times may have done well enough for those old snobs, but it was too slow for this age of steam and electricity, so they got all the pretty girls in town and got them to dress awful low in the neck, and all of that part of the feminine anatomy circumpunct to the neck, and they made the fellows pay their money at the door, with the understanding that they had a right to see all they could see and hug all they could hug after they got into the circus.

The array of silks and satins and dry goods with foreign names, diamonds and furs and feathers and flubdubbery was enormous.

Since then they have undertaken to raise some more money for Christian charity. The scheme was stupendous. It was advertised all over the country. They got out a program of the great entertainment, on the back of which was a fine engraving of one of our society ladies giving a big silver dollar to a famous little beggar girl, the engraving being from a photograph of the lady and the girl. It looks so natural, you know, to see our fashionable ladies stop on the street and give dollars to little beggars.

When the great charity show was over, so far from there being a single nickel to give to the poor, the expenses of the show were \$500.00 more than was taken in it, and now the principal manager of it, who thought he was going to get a lot of cheap glory, is mad at all the others because they are leaving him to pay that \$500.00.

The managers of this charity show comprised prominent church people from all the churches in this city.

This Christian charity show was advertised to consist principally of running deer and foxes and Texas jack rabbits, with dogs, in the large enclosure in front of the grand stand on the fair ground.

They had two old deer and sent them out to Dog Fennel, near me, to fatten. One of them broke his leg, and something happened to the other one, and they didn't show up. The Texas jack rabbits did not get here so it devolved upon one old fox to make all the amusement for the people who had paid their half dollar to see the show.

The fox was superannuated and rheumatic, and as they had kept him fastened up so long and failed to wrap up his legs in red flannel and St.

Jacob's oil, the fox had sense enough to know that he could not run, and so when they turned him loose with a hundred dogs to run him the fox stuck right in among the men, and they hit him and threw dust at him to make him run.

Finally the poor animal, seeing that the men would kill him if the dogs did not start off. A hundred dogs jumped on him. There was not more than a half mouthful a piece for the dogs, and in a minute or two the quivering remains of the poor animal looked like he had been run through a threshing machine.

One of the men then tied a rope around the neck of the dead fox and dragged it around the race track, and the dogs ran around on the trail. That ended the famous chase.

The man who threw dust at the fox to make him run, is a boss prayer in the Presbyterian church in this city, and as a Democratic office holder who would rather vote for the devil than for Prohibition.

When the dogs caught the poor fox right in front of all the people, consisting of ladies and gentlemen and children, there were great shouts and cheers and laughter.

While all of this was being done by the Christians in Lexington in the name of their religion, out at my house in the country where we are all heathen we had a sick kitten. My wife gave it medicine, and wrapped it up warm, and felt its failing pulse, and looked like she would cry. It died and I went with the children to the back of the garden, and we buried that little kitten with all the funeral sadness and solemnity that is said in school book poetry, to have accompanied the obsequies of my distinguished namesake, Sir John Moore.

My children read "Black Beauty." The average Kentucky editor and politician, if he ever heard of "Black Beauty," I suppose thinks it is some colored damsel, more than ordinarily attractive. You could not have paid anybody about my house to go and witness such a spectacle as these Christian people had gotten up.

After they had killed the poor old rheumatic fox, they had a "Tournament." This consisted of a lot of dudes on horseback who rode around a circle and punched at rings with poles.

Among people who read and know anything, what little was left of the tournament when Michael Cervantes got through with it in "Don Quixote" was annihilated by Thomas Nelson Page in "Palmer's Chumbrance," but is satire as a fragrance wasted on a desert air, when addressed to Kentucky Christians and Democrats.

In order to get ready in time for this great moral show, it was necessary for these Christian people to have fifteen hands to work all day Sunday, in the hottest and driest weather of this season to put up a mile and a half of fence, so high that with a barbed wire around the top of it, the poor perished animals could not get out. This was done with the knowledge and consent of the Presbyterian church officer, and yet the main two features in the Presbyterian religion is to sprinkle all their babies and keep the sabbath; two pieces of religions trumpery that are combinations of heathenism and Judaism.

When I was getting the people to help me by taking stock in the Blade, I went to the house of the head boss of the cruelty to animals Christian charity enterprise, to see if he would contribute. He is a very wealthy man, and I have given him and his horses more free newspaper puffs, than any one man ever gave another one man in the state of Kentucky. His wife without any hesitation, told me she thought her husband would take a ten dollar share of stock. He would not do it, and never has.

I would not shed a tear if he had to pay five thousand dollars instead of five hundred to make up the expenses of killing that old fox.

If Col. Robert Ingersoll's daughter were here with her society for the prevention of Cruelty to animals, she would have all the ring leaders of that show arrested, put in jail and fined.

About the same time that the Christian charity people of Lexington were working a heavy force all day Sunday to get ready to persecute a poor old crippled up fox, at Nicholasville twelve miles from Lexington, the enforcement of the Sunday law took a different turn.

A poor traveling photographer took some pictures on Sunday. They arrested him and fined him, and when he had not the money to pay the fine they put him in the work house and made him crack rock until the fine was paid. Not long before that in Tennessee, a "Seventh day" Baptist, who kept Saturday for a Sabbath—as every body ought to do who keep a Sabbath at all—worked on Sunday.

They arrested him for it, and fined and imprisoned him.

These are samples of the politics and religion that they have in this country, and yet there is not

a preacher or an editor in the Bluegrass region, except the heathen Chinese who runs the "infidel" Blue Grass Blade that will blast these people for these things.

One of the greatest arguments in favor of Prohibition and woman suffrage is that the people of this state are so opposed to them.

Every old religious hypocrite and Pharisee in the whole country has blasted the proposition to keep the Chicago Exposition open on Sunday, and blown his old hazy with a vigor unprecedented since Joshua blew down Jericho with ram's horns; but nobody has said a word against the arrangement with the Spaniards to have bull fights at the exposition.

Old Kit Columbus came from Spain, and Spain will have to be petted, and the Christian Spaniard can not get along without his bull fight, and they will not only have them at Chicago, but they will have them on Sunday, like they do at home.

But that is not half. In less than ten years with the rapid strides that Bluegrass Christianity is now making, they will have bull fights in Lexington to raise money to pay preachers and build churches.

The only difference between the Lexington bull fight and that of Madrid will be that in Lexington the picadors will be armed with pitchforks, and the bulls will be these "polled Angus" ones that have no horns, or old cows—as Pat said in the famous "Irish bull."

If they would get that bull that lately killed his owner down at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and put him and some of these charity show fellows all together, in a high and tight barbed wire pen, and let them fight it out with pitchforks or "Chumbrance" poles, it would look more like business.

A New York Presbyterian Says

go on With the Blade.

No. 6, UNION PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Aug 30, 1891.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The Blade reached me yesterday and has been read with great interest. When I get out my large issues I will try to reciprocate your favors. I like your writings and your principles. Would to God our churches could be converted to your honesty. I am not much concerned about your infidelity, though I am a son of the Presbyterian church, and from a family that has been pillars in it for many generations. I do not say you are technically right in your religious theory, but you are true to your convictions, and that is better than a correct creed unpracticed.

I have devoted my life to Prohibition, is with me, only one among many issues in which righteousness is concerned.

I am sure that nationally we are in great danger. Nothing but honesty and moral integrity can save us. Permit me to clasp your hand in fraternal greeting, and bid you God speed.

I will not ask you to come on my platform, for I think you are already on it. I subordinate all opinions to righteousness. All religious questions are open questions, and must be re-discussed, except the being of God, and the resulting truth and duty. If there is no God there can be no truth and no duty. So I must stand on this foundation. All else is unimportant comparatively.

Do not understand that I refuse to discuss the being of God, or any other religious question. I only mean that like Archimedes, we must plant ourselves somewhere, if we would move the world.

Your remarks on Baron Hirsch's interference with prophecy reminds me of Prof. Totten's "Our Race" theory that not the Jews but ourselves are the heirs of the promises of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Read this book before abandoning prophesy.

Faithfully and fraternally,

D. P. LINDSEY.

This Presbyterian brother lives in that city of churches, Brooklyn, and has loaned Presbyterianism from such men as Beecher and Talmage and Abbott. His views of religion are just as broad as I want any man's to be. I like that sentiment which says "I subordinate all opinions to righteousness. All religious questions are open questions, and must be re-discussed."

The great thought that must get possession of the Christian world, before Christianity will become anything more than the fashionable form that it now is, is that Christianity is not a thing to be believed, but is something to be done—a life that men must lead. The man who does not even believe in the existence of a God, but is thoroughly imbued with the idea that we must do to others as we would have them do to us, is, in the only desirable sense of the word, a Christian; while the man who believes in the infallibility of the scriptures, and is punctilious in the observance of church rules and regulations, and yet lends his support to the political parties that are fostering the liquor traffic, that ruins and debases his fellow man, is no Christian.

Of course this brother is right in his latter intimation that even the "being of God" is a question open to discussion. Investigation and discussion hurt nothing but error; and they always tend to confirm the truth. If there is no God we ought to know it, just as much as we ought to know it if there is a God.

I am quite satisfied that there is no God that even remotely resembles the ideal personal God that is worshipped in the churches, and except the doing good to our fellow men there is no worship that would be pleasing to an all wise and intelligent author of the universe. But the origin of our most earnest and serious thought. As to this origin none of us should be dogmatic and overbearing, because none of us know anything definite, and even the utmost reach of our speculative philosophy has not yet formulated anything that may justly be called a "working hypothesis."

It is most desirable that all men should feel free to express themselves upon this, and all similarly occult subjects that come within the domain of religion. The aggregate and cumulative wisdom of the world might effect some great elucidation of such subjects, which it is not likely we shall gain by our individual efforts under the present terrorizing influence of the church.

The origin, continuance, progress and ultimate destiny of the human race must ever be a theme of the highest interest to all men, and every man who appreciates his own competency to think upon these subjects should assert his right to do so, and use that right.

These questions have long engaged the attention of the highest thinking capacity, and while such have honestly and modestly admitted their inability to comprehend them, inferior capacities have rushed in and affirmed their convictions, and by stress of numbers have forced them on the world, and they are in the ascendency to-day, though every advance in science but serves to expose their errors.

In the absence of argument to demonstrate the truth of their conclusions they have tried to force them upon others by threat of going with eternal damnation those who do not believe them. But men must understand that our beliefs are accidents of life, and therefore have in them no moral quality. They are not opinions that make men good or bad, but the deeds they do, and the lives they lead.

As long as men who support such an iniquity as the liquor traffic, by voting against the Prohibition party that is trying to suppress it, and then vaunt themselves upon being "Christians and good men, simply because they believe some theory of some theological abstractness, are allowed to assume a superiority to men who do not accept their creeds and dogmas, but who as Prohibitionists, are trying to elevate purity and make happy their fellow men, just so long will we find the church the bulwark of the greatest iniquity that has cursed modern civilization.

New York Says I am "the Only man that Stirs up the Antim."

BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 28, '91.

DEAR SIR—I have not received your paper for two weeks. What is the matter? Has my time run out for which I have paid? If so send along the paper and bill for another year, and I will pay, and don't stop it again till I tell you.

You are the only man that stirs up the animals on the Prohibition question.

I saw Col. Bain at Batavia. He says you are all right, and honest reliable gentleman.

Yours respectfully,

M. B. ADAMS.

Had Treatment of "Salvation Army" Soldiers in Georgetown, Kentucky.

Recently a man and a pretty young lady, who were soldiers of the "Salvation Army" went to Georgetown, and began religious service in the street. A crowd gathered around them and the town marshal ordered the "soldiers" to move off as they were obstructing the streets.

They went to another place and the crowd followed them. Somebody threw a big cannon fire cracker into the crowd and it went off with a tremendous report.

The marshal then arrested the man and woman and locked them up in the station house for the night.

Many people in the crowd expressed indignation.

If these people had been a couple of quack doctors who ought to have been put in jail for getting money under false pretenses, or some old drunken Democratic bunnies making speeches against Prohibition they could have blocked up the whole street as long as they wanted to, and would not have been interrupted by that town marshal.

And yet those salvation army preachers come near preaching the

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gospel as Jesus intended it should be none than any people who are now engaged in that business. There is a law here against interrupting religious worship, but it but it only applies when the religious worshippers are these heavy swells in the fashionable churches.

If Jesus Christ were to go to Georgetown and commence preaching just anywhere on the street that the people wanted to hear him, like he used to do, that town marshal would have him in jail before you could say Jack Robinson.

I am a salvation army man I am.

State Chairman Harris Says "Go on with the Blade."

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 1, '91. DEAR MOORE—My wife and I say yes; go on with the Blue Grass Blade. May it never die, and never grow less in power, or in fighting against the licensed liquor devil of the land.

If newspapers and editors were all as fearless and manly as you and the Blade in waging relentless war upon wrong, crime, and the liquor traffic, and its criminal, debauching, devilish and hellish results to home and hearts in this world, then indeed would the hopes of the "Old Guard" of the Prohibition party fly high.

Go on with the Blade. Cut quick, fast and smooth, and may it brighten with every stroke.

Put me down as a life scholar and subscriber.

JOSIAH HARRIS.

I suppose I may consider this the most authoritative encouragement that I could receive from this state. Mr. Harris is the Chairman of the Prohibition Executive Committee of this state, and our late candidate for Governor.

He is a nice man, and just what we want for Governor of Kentucky, but I don't care so much for his wife's endorsement as I do for his wife's.

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25.00 overcoats, \$15.00

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Now is your chance to lay in your Winter supply of clothing. You will not have another opportunity like this in a life-time. Everything goes but Only For Cash, and only for thirty days. Call early and take your pick.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

Charles C. Moore
Editor

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One Year, 52 insertions.	\$10.00	\$8.00	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25
Six Months, 26 insertions.	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.50	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.37	\$0.25	\$0.12
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Three insertions.	\$0.37	\$0.30	\$0.22	\$0.18	\$0.15	\$0.11	\$0.07	\$0.05	\$0.03	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.01
Two insertions.	\$0.22	\$0.18	\$0.11	\$0.09	\$0.07	\$0.05	\$0.03	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00
Single insertion.	\$0.12	\$0.10	\$0.06	\$0.05	\$0.04	\$0.03	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00

Stray Cattle.

I have on my place, eight miles North of Lexington, two stray cattle.

They have been on my place a year. When they came there I informed my neighbors about them orally, as far as I could, but did not advertise them in any paper, because they were so diseased, or poor from bad treatment, that I thought for months they would die.

They are now doing well and the owner can get them on proper conditions.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

aug8tf

150,000 ACRES OF LAND WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS
G. P. & T. A.
Cincinnati, O.

A Catholic Irishman Who Endorses the Blade.

Yesterday I met a man on a street of Georgetown who smiled good humoredly as he approached me and extended his hand. I did not know him, but some brogue showed me that he was an Irishman. He was not one of the kind with the ourang outang lip on him, but was a curly headed good looking man. He said to me that the Blade had been coming to him, and he pulled out the money and paid me for it, and said, "you must let it come on, but I want you to let it come to me at the poor man's rates." I told him I would.

As soon as he called his name I knew about him. He has worked on a turpentine until he made some money, and he bought him a little home and a little farm, and that man is prospering in the world, and the chances are that he will be a valuable citizen and leave his family provided for, not merely in means but in a good name.

If that man had lived in Lexington he would probably be a member of the City Council, have a saloon, and be robbing his countrymen of their hard earnings on turpentine and railroads by selling them mean whisky.

That man said to me "I am an Irishman and a Catholic, and you do give my people the devil, but every word of it is true." And then he told me that he was in town to see a lawyer, because he had gotten into a fight with a drunken Irishman who was doing him wrong, and that it would cost him \$50.00.

Then he and I talked about politics and religion, and we agreed on religion just as perfectly as if we had been brought up in the same church. We agreed that it did not make any difference where a man was born, nor whether he was Catholic or Protestant, or what all; if his religion did not make him a sober, honest man, who told the truth and was fair in his dealings and tried to do good to his fellow men it was not worth anything.

I have, among my neighbors in the country, Catholic Irish people, and there is just as true a friend-

ship between us as there is between any neighbors. One of them only two days ago, while he was so drunk he almost fell out of his market wagon while talking to me, insisted that he was going to bring me a lot of fine vegetables just for friendship. There are among my Irish neighbors some poor young men, who are industrious and honest, and who take good care of their widowed mothers, for whom I have the highest regard, while I have very little for many rich and aristocratic dukes who would look down upon these poor young fellows.

In one of these families, the father of which used to shoe my horses, there is a young priest who has been educated in Germany, at a splendid institution, and knows more than all the dukes in Lexington put together.

True religion, true intelligence and true civilization will recognize the superiority of that young priest to these aristocratic sap heads who know nothing but the ways of fashionable life, and who are not worth the salt they eat.

But your Catholic Irish saloon-keeper City Councilman is a bad citizen, and if something is not done to squelch him and the infidel Dutch nihilist brewer, this country is gone to the how-wows. The Democrats are afraid of the Catholic Irish saloon-keeper, and the Republicans are afraid of the infidel Dutch brewer, and the Catholic Irish whisky slinger and the infidel Dutch beer jerker are in cahoot, and are having a picnic in running this country.

You can find plenty of preachers that will read the prophet Daniel and the book of Revelations about red hilly goats with brass horns, and Bessemer steel hoofs and nickel plated tails on them, and say that means the Catholic church, but you can't find a preacher in Lexington, nor an editor nor a politician who will dare denounce the fact that Catholic Irish saloon-keepers have demanded and received from cowardly and contemptible Protestant Christians, falsely so called, a separate part of the public school fund for the education of their Catholic children, because they do not want their children to be religiously contaminated by hearing the same things in school that the rest of our children hear.

At the rate things are going in Lexington to-day, in twenty five years from now there will not be a man who will dare to defend the Protestant faith on the streets of Lexington.

Any of these newspapers will skin Bob Ingersoll and me for being infidels, and they will poke fun at any of the Protestant churches or Protestant preachers, but there is not one of them that will dare to open his cowardly head against anything that any priest says or does in the holy Catholic church.

When they get a good chance they can be just as jolly at the expense of Protestant churches and preachers as I am, but they all draw the line at Catholicism.

When these editors go to one of these churches with a high steeple and a cross on it, and a plaster-of-Paris Saint Peter with the smoke house keys under his arm, inside of it, or when they meet one of these fat priests, with his head shaved and his shirt collar on hind part before, you see a religious reverence to these Protestant ink-slingers that you never see at one of them.

Stick it to them old Catholic saloon-keeper. I enjoy it as much as you do. The hair of the dog is good for the bite.

"If That is Religion I'll be D—
If I Want any of It."

BROADWELL, KY., Sept. 10, '91.
MR. C. C. MOORE—I have been reading your paper and have not sent you any money. I am poor in purse but not as a Prohibitionist. I have just read a short article headed "The last utterances of a discouraged Prohibitionist."

He has a right to be discouraged, for there are thousands of temperance men and women who take the meanest whisky papers and pay for them and then say when asked why they do not take a temperance paper "Oh, I am not able—I am too poor."

That is an excuse the devil got up, and that is only one of the thousands of his make. That discouraged man spoke the truth.

I claim to be a Methodist, but I have long since said—and will not take it back—that I will not give a cent to pay a preacher who does not vote the straight Prohibition ticket; for otherwise he is not God's servant but the devil's; and if any one of that class will argue the question with me I will prove to him that a whisky preacher is the greatest servant of the devil. Just so with the moderate drinker. His influence is greater than that of the drunkard who wallows in the gutter.

We have a little Presbyterian preacher here, and he voted with us once, and one of the wildest of our boys joined his church while he was carrying on a protracted meeting. Soon after the election came off and that preacher voted for the whisky party. The young man was watching him, and he said to me "if that is religion I'll be

d—if I want any of it." So that young man is out of the church and votes the Prohibition ticket, while the preacher votes the whisky ticket. Now I say that that young man is the better man of the two, for the preacher pulls at the hypocritical end of the devil's rope. The young man pulls at the other, but is clear of hypocrisy.

Mr. Moore I want the Blade continued as you will see by the following. You will find check enclosed for \$2.00 and I will be one of 1,000 who will give \$5.00 to be paid to you to keep the paper in existence. It is worth all the papers in the state to me. It has saved in its craw.

F. M. BAILEY.

That man is a Methodist and a Christian, and he and I are just as certainly brothers as that the Siamese twins were.

He talks just like the "New York Voice" does—the national Prohibition organ, one of whose editors is a Methodist minister. The Voice says the Prohibitionists should get out of the whisky churches and start one of their own. I am already out, but I am ready to go into a church that is conducted like one of those churches that we read about in the New Testament in the apostolic times, if they teach in that church not only Prohibition but all the Christian virtues and good deeds. I am tired of the word "faith" in connection with religion. I don't care what in the devil a man believes so he does right.

Christian people who are paying their money to any preacher who does not vote for Prohibition had better put it in a rat hole, or bet it on a horse race or dog fight. I think that young man who got out of the Presbyterian church and voted for Prohibition has "sand in his craw" and has not got "a cotton string for a backbone," as Sam Jones says.

I love Joe Hess that used to be a New York saloon keeper and prize fighter. He got ashamed of himself and went and told his wife he was going to be a better man, and now he and our Kentucky Geo. W. Bain speak together for Prohibition.

I do not know of what account on God's earth that "little Presbyterian preacher" at Broadwell is, unless it would be to kill him and use him for soap grease, if he is as fat as they generally are.

Such a man is an affliction to society. He is a Christian "for revenue only." He lives in a great distilling country and therefore he is for whisky. If he were to go somewhere to ply his trade where the sentiment is against whisky, he would be the ripest of ripe little Prohibitionist you ever saw; and when the tide begins to turn in our favor, such as he are going to be the fellows that will afflict us, by being fanatical Prohibitionists, and won't let us eat vinegar on our cabbage, because vinegar has alcohol in it. Set up with 'em Bro. Bailey.

Are Saloon Keepers Infidels?

I have received a long rambling scatter-brain kind of a letter from a party who signs himself Thomas Martin, at Erlanger, Ky.

Thomas represents himself as a devout Christian in religion; while of his politics he says, "Now Bro. Moore I am a Democrat, but I'm as good a Prohibitionist as you and don't keep a little brown jug in the cellar as the majority of your so-called Prohibs do."

The rest of the utterances of his letter, which is in a little final hand writing with some misspelled words, is, intellectually, about in keeping with the sample I give.

Another one of his statements is that I can not find a minister who is in favor of the liquor traffic.

Thomas says that by mere accident one of my papers has fallen into his hand. I would advise him never to let that accident happen again; for the first one seems to have had a deleterious effect upon him, and I am satisfied that Bro. Martin's nervous system could not stand a consecutive reading of the Blade for a month.

I would recommend to him something soothing in literature, like "Baxter's Saints' Rest" among books, and the "Kentucky Methodist" among newspapers. A few Presbyterian tracts on the Final Perseverence of the Saints, taken in broken doses just before going to bed, have all the sedative effect of morphine, without the danger of contracting a habit that you can not get over.

Bro. Martin is fearfully exercised over my theology. He thinks I will "never get to be a second Bob Ingersoll." I think he is probably right in that conjecture.

There is a vein of facetious irony through his letter that is quite entrancing.

One extract from his letter I have thought would be of sufficient public interest to warrant me in publishing.

He says: "Do saloon-keepers go to church? If they do it is very seldom. Ask the majority of them what is their religion, they will say like yourself they believe in no church, and are in-

fidels like yourself. Bro. Moore you ought not to be so hard on the members of your own religion."

My experience as a newspaper reporter and my reputation as an infidel would probably make me know of every man in Lexington who is an infidel. I think that when I was reporting for a newspaper two or three years ago, I knew of almost every man in the town who was willing to announce publicly that he was an infidel.

I never knew but three saloon-keepers in Lexington who said they were infidels. I went to all three of them and said to them that their business was thoroughly inconsistent with their claims that they did their own thinking and acted accordingly.

Two out of the three voluntarily quit the business and said they were ashamed of it, and not a great while after the third one was closed out by the sheriff; but I believe he resumed the business.

The last was a Frenchman. The other two were intelligent American born men. One of them drinks too much whisky, but the other one is as near a model man as anybody in Lexington. Both of the latter are good friends to my paper and book.

There is now only one saloon-keeper in Lexington that would probably call himself an infidel.

He is now, or in the last few years has been, a member of the City Council.

Taken as a class, in Lexington, I believe the most sincere believers in Christianity, and the most regular attendants at church are saloon-keepers. They are largely Catholics.

With the exception of old Bro. William Van Pelt, who is a member of the Christian church and a Prohibitionist, the most regular five or six church attendants in Lexington are saloon-keepers, and they are the most prominent and influential and active men in their church.

I do not know but one saloon-keeper on earth—or in hell, for that matter—outside of Lexington. I think he believes in Christianity as devoutly as Bro. Martin.

Col. Pepper of Lexington is like Bro. Martin, "a Prohibitionist who votes with the Democrats. He runs a great big distillery, and has a Presbyterian Sunday-school superintendent to superintend his distillery. But Col. Pepper does not drink any whisky. Too smart. He knows what is in it.

A Young Lady Who Likes the Blade and Wants My Book.

"The Rational View."

RICHMOND, KY., Sept. 18, '91.

Charles C. Moore Esq.
DEAR SIR—As the Blue Grass Blade failed to reach us this morning, I concluded it had suspended. I am sorry.

Although there seems to be, to the masses, many objectionable points therein, to me these were outweighed by the unobjectionable.

What peace-giving health-giving and spiritualizing words came to us through the columns of the Blade.

My subscription does not expire before April 21st '92; therefore, if you are willing, please send me a copy of your book, "The Rational View," in lieu of the Blade for that time.

This will more than recompense me.

Very truly,
Miss W. E. P. McALISTER.

P. S. Should you ever edit another paper I am a subscriber for it.

W. E. P. McALISTER.
I would rather have one good letter like that from a nice, good lady with brains in her head, than forty of them from some of these品行 frauds that abuse me. I might be a widower some of these times and I file away letters like that.

I think it would be nothing but fair that Bro. Sawyer should suspend his rantantaneous old sheet for a while until I can catch up.

He Likes the Blade and Pays for it and "The Rational"

HARDYVILLE, KY., Sept. 20, '91.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Enclose please find check for \$3.00, \$1.00 for your book, which you sent me some time ago, and \$2.00 for the Blade, which you have kindly sent me since I wrote you for a sample copy early in the Spring. If I send two much and the Blade is sent too much, please the rest to my credit on the C. C. Moore lecture fund, and call on me for an additional if it be necessary.

But I hope you will consume your trade with Bro. Neal, and move on with the Blade. I have read Bro. Neal's paper, "The Worker," and like it very much.

We need just such a bold, outspoken fearless paper as the Blade is, in this run ridden state of Kentucky.

With Moore and Neal at the helm, the Blade will surely have a bright and successful future, accomplishing much good for "God, home and native land," and the rising generation. Don't get discouraged Bro. Moore, you have admiring friends all over this

broad land of ours. Your keen little Blade is doing grand work. Keep it bright and shining. Don't hang it up to rust. Keep on moving. Save the boys, and the rising generation will call you blessed. If the Blade lives continue me as a subscriber.

Yours truly,
JESSE RUSSELL.

A Christian Minister who Does not want the Blade "Toned Down."

812 W. MARSHALL ST. RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 21, 1891.

DEAR MOORE—Don't stop publishing the Blade. Please don't stop. It has evinced and displayed more moral courage than any paper in the United States. You and Bro. Neal write and continue the Blade. Then you may have something of a balance wheel in the estimation of many; but as for myself I don't want any modification or toning down in your writings. No matter who is on the liquor side, Blackburn, Breckinridge or anybody else, let them get out of the way of our civilization and progress.

L. A. CUTLER.

"Sorry that the Blade is Going to stop."

HAZEL GREEN, Sept. 20, '91.

C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Find enclosed check for \$1.00 balance on subscription. I sent you a dollar but have received the Blade more than six months. If there is a little balance in my favor just keep it to help you balance up.

I am very sorry the Blade is going to stop but could hardly advise you to continue it in the "somewhat dangerous state of Kentucky" as the Oregon editor puts it.

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM LUSK.

Bro. Lusk was a candidate on the recent Kentucky state ticket of the Prohibition party.

Texas Likes my Paper and Wants my Book.

BRENNHAM, TEXAS, Sept. 17, '91.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Find enclosed a postal note for \$1.00. Please send me your book. If you stop the Blade you need not refund any money; I have got \$2.00 worth already.

Yours truly,
D. A. WILSON.

Don't Like my "Infidel Paper."

SHELBY CITY, Sept. 5, '91.

C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR—For some time you have been sending me your infidel paper.

I am a Prohibitionist but not an infidel, and I think that as infidelity overbalances the temperance cause in your paper that lets me out. If you will send me your bill to date I will settle with you and then you will please discontinue the Blade.

Yours respectfully,
W. G. HURBLE.

I have told you repeatedly that I never send bills to anybody.

If you don't know and don't want to guess at it let it go. You are not very anxious to pay it anyhow, and it will be all the same to me in a hundred years.

I Think the Southern Journal Ought to Suspend a While.

During the recent temporary suspension of the Blade, I noticed that subscriptions were just pouring into the Southern Journal, and everybody was giving it taffy and money until I got so jealous that the world looked as green as if I were looking at it through sore eye goggles.

I think it would be nothing but fair that Bro. Sawyer should suspend his rantantaneous old sheet for a while until I can catch up.

Excursion to Nicholasville.

Excursion tickets at low rates will be sold to Nicholasville and return by agents of the Queen & Crescent Route and Louisville Southern R. R., during the races November 2, 3 and 4. Tickets good until November 5th for return.

Excursions to Augusta, Georgia.

For the Augusta Exposition Nov. 2 to 28, agents of the Queen & Crescent route at Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Vicksburg, Jackson and Meridian will sell tickets at low excursion rates for the round trip.

Lawell to the G. A. R.

"We are not free: Freedom does not consist in making with our face toward the past. While petty cares and crawling interests twist the spider threads about us, which at last grow strong as iron chains, to cramp and bind in formal narrowness heart, soul and mind, Freedom is recreated year by year."

J. R. Lawell.

NEBRASKA PROHIBITIONISTS.

A Good Convention, a Good Platform, a Good Ticket, a Good Campaign.

Nearly 400 delegates were present at the Nebraska Prohibition convention held at Lincoln Aug. 5, not including representatives from the county W. C. T. Union.

C. E. Bentley was re-elected chairman of the State Committee, with H. C. Bittenbender as secretary and H. E. George as treasurer.

Mrs. M. H. Dunham of Iowa, and D. Ward King of Missouri spoke at the evening session.

Though times are hard in Nebraska, \$600 was raised in a short time for the coming campaign.

A resolution was adopted inviting the next National Convention to meet in Lincoln.

The candidates nominated are: Judge of the Supreme Court, F. W. Richardson of Omaha; Regent of the University, Rev. William Gorst of Neligh and Mrs. Caroline M. Woodward.

The platform opens with the usual acknowledgment that Almighty God is the source of the just powers of government, and declaration of allegiance to the National Prohibition Party. Uncompromising planks follow, including this one:

"Laws should be enacted making it a felony for officers of any municipality to barter away the public health or morals by permitting the maintenance of houses of immorality or vice on condition that a portion of the proceeds be paid into the public treasury by a system of monthly fines or otherwise."

The platform also favors Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, declares that further extension of time for the payment of the Pacific Railroad mortgages should be refused, advocates prohibition and suppression of trusts and like combinations, favors the control by the Government of all corporations, declares for the abolition of the Internal Revenue, favors a graduated income tax, says that taxation for State purposes should be so adjusted that the citizen and property-owner shall contribute in proportion to his ability, favors service pensions, asserts that "no citizen should be deprived of the franchise by reason of sex," endorses the plan of electing President, Vice President and United States Senators by direct vote of the people, maintains that so long as the present system of electing the President is preserved Presidential electors should be chosen by the Congressional District system, excepting that each State should elect two at large, and opposes all laws tending to the regulation of vice.

There will be a lively campaign participated in by national leaders. Secretary Thomas of the National Committee will spend the last days of the campaign in Nebraska.

OHIO PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Captured Again by Liquor Men and False to the People's Good.

The proceedings of the Ohio People's Party Convention at Springfield, August 3 and 4, had features that were of considerable interest to the Prohibitionists. Con. Burckhauser, the Cincinnati beer man, was present, and took an active and conspicuous part. Secretary Robert Schilling, of the National Committee, known as a personal liberty man, sat on the platform, and was influential in shaping the party's work.

The convention's views of the liquor question are expressed thus: "We recommend the following resolution to the National Convention for favorable consideration, believing it to be a National instead of a State issue:

"We believe that the solution of the liquor problem lies in abolishing the element of profit which is a source of constant temptation and evil; and we, therefore, demand that the exclusive importation, exportation, manufacture and sale of all spirituous liquors shall be conducted by the Government or State at cost through agencies and salaried officials in such towns and cities as shall apply for such agencies."

This plank was fought by liquor men, and is not included in the Ohio platform, but is simply a recommendation to the National Convention.

George E. Washburne of Boston, Eastern member of the National Executive Committee of the party, in an interview in a Springfield paper, says that the plank will be modified to suit the demands of the different States, according to the strength of the Prohibition sentiment in them.

It is understood that there was a strong representation of Prohibition feeling. It is almost certain, indeed, that a majority would have endorsed a straight-out Prohibition plank.

When gubernatorial nominations were called for, John J. Ashenburt, Prohibition candidate for Governor, was one of the men named. There were expressions of protest, and before the ballot was taken, Hugo Freyer, Secretary of the State Committee, rubbed Ashenburt's name from the blackboard on which the names were posted. Freyer was formerly a violent personal liberty champion, but several years ago he surprised people by becoming interested in the Prohibition cause and writing articles against the saloon.

Mr. Ashenburt received fifteen votes in the convention but will receive many more People's votes at the polls in November.

SHORT AND SHARP.

Volney B. Cushing, of Maine, is doing great work in that State. He is organizing thoroughly, and is securing valuable lists of voters and workers.

Rev. James E. Reed, Chairman of the Michigan State Prohibition Committee, has resigned, and Charles E. Russell, a well-known business man, of Detroit, has been elected to succeed him.

The Maryland Prohibitionists have already started a vigorous campaign. Great basket planks are being held, and the State candidates are winning support by their able speeches.

The Prohibition papers of Ohio are to unite in an Ohio Prohibition Press Association for mutual consultation and helpfulness. The National Prohibition Press Association should hold a convention soon and plan for the needs of the great battle year.

The New York Grand Lodge, I. O. S. T., has just held its annual session at the Grand Island park, with about 1,000 attendants. The order has 73 lodges and 36,270 members, a gain of 1,336 members during the year just passed.

C. H. Mend, of the Silver Lake Quartette, is now a D. D. Friends will hereby call him "Dood!" instead of "Baldy." It is more reverent.

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That "Ungodly League" Editorial of the "New York Voice".

The most significant thing that has ever occurred in Prohibition politics, of which I know, is that editorial of our national Prohibition organ, The New York Voice, on "The ungodly league of the Church and Saloon", and the sympathetic response from Prohibition papers and Prohibition workers all over the country.

The substance of the editorial is that the church is the bulwark of the rum traffic, that Christians who believe in Prohibition should withdraw from these churches, and either establish churches of their own, or just live in the Prohibition party as being better than the church in its present form, and use the money that they have been giving to churches, for the Prohibition party.

It not only takes the position that no man is a Christian who votes with the old political parties, but says of any preacher who is even silent on the Prohibition question that he is not "fit for a teacher of the people."

Nothing can be any more self-evidently right than the whole tenor of the Voice's editorial. In all the church member voters of the United States there are twenty out of every twenty-one who vote for the liquor traffic. That the church thus becomes the bulwark of the liquor traffic is indisputable. The Prohibitionist then who gives twenty-one cents to the church gives twenty cents to help the church beat Prohibition, and one cent to help Prohibition beat the church and its ally the saloon.

One of the most efficient ways, therefore, to beat Prohibition is to strengthen the church by giving it money.

Of course we all know that our Prohibition voters are largely church members, but the liquor voters are much more largely church members, and if the fact that Prohibition voters have come from the church proves that the church is the friend of Prohibition, the fact that all of these voters have come from the Democratic and Republican parties would also prove that those two rotten old political parties are friends of Prohibition.

It twenty out of every twenty-one church members vote against Prohibition, as they undoubtedly do, if there are 5,200,000 church members voters in the United States, and only 250,000 of them vote for Prohibition then, by mathematical demonstration the church is the enemy of Prohibition. If all these Christian voters except 250,000 vote as the liquor dealers want them to do, then of course the church is the friend and ally of the liquor dealer. There is no use of debating that question any longer.

The papers published in the liquor interest never have any complaint to make of the church. They pick out the few scattering ministers and laymen who oppose the liquor traffic, and these papers call them fools and hypocrites; but they brag on the church and print the sermons of the preachers who say anything against Prohibition.

If there is any conscience in the church, such a withdrawal of Prohibitionists from its fold would be the most effective mode of arousing it.

If we have left the old political parties because they were corrupt and immoral and pledged to support the liquor traffic, I can not see what consistency Prohibitionists can stay in the churches, all of which are just as earnest in the support of the liquor traffic.

There's no sense in telling about all the splendid resolutions that the different churches are passing in favor of temperance and Prohibition. Its all poppycock, and intended to humbug somebody, just like the Republican party passes temperance resolutions.

The church people and the Republicans who pass the resolutions are nothing but a lot of liars and at the very time they are passing them intend to vote for the liquor traffic at the next election.

I can not conceive of a man who is a Christian for the sake of encouraging the Christian virtues, and doing good to his fellow men, as not being a Prohibitionist.

I would love more than anything that I can imagine, to see all Christians who are such simply for the good they can do, combine in one great church, to be called simply "The Christian church," and this proposition of the New York Voice for the Prohibitionists to combine themselves in a church is the first intimation I have seen for a nucleus for the re-establishment of Christianity for the purpose for which it was intended by its founder.

I hope that Prohibitionists will withdraw their financial support from the present form of the church and devote it to the Prohibition cause, until they can organize a church that is in keeping with the Christian code of morals.

Bro. Neal of "The Worker", and I can not Edit the Blade Together.

In the last issue of the Blade I said that Bro. Neal, editor of "The Worker" and I would probably associate in the editing of the Blade.

He has been kind and generous in all that he has said and done about going into the arrangement, but I do not now think it would be best for us to do so, and he says he will not be put to any inconvenience by anything that has been said or done, if we do not now consummate the arrangement.

I believe he is a good man, and perhaps have no right to say that he is not as honest in his religious convictions as I am. But as an abstract proposition I believe I would be giving too much of a sop to the Ecclesiastic Cerberus to subordinate my opinions to his when he is my junior in years and does not claim to be my senior in theological or classic scholarship.

The whole country is full of editors of his theological views and I believe I am the only Rationalistic editor of a Prohibition paper, in the world.

That a revolution in religious sentiment is brewing among Christians is, to me, quite as evident as that such a revolutionary sentiment is growing in politics.

These two sentiments are going hand in hand, and they propose to accomplish not only Prohibition but much more for the world. These sentiments are going to be immensely more liberal than now.

The religion and politics of the future will consist in doing good to our fellow men, and faith, that is now the great matter in religion, will be little regarded.

The trend of the most competent religious thought now is to divert the Christian religion of the miracle and supernaturalism that surround the teachings of all those great masters, and to accept and practice and inculcate those moral precepts which it teaches, which are the outgrowth of ages, and which now, more than ever before are pressing their truth upon our acceptance.

I can not better express myself on this subject than I have done in the preface to my book, "The Rational View", which says: "But as England and America owe to Lycurgus and Justinian and Blackstone a debt of gratitude for the civil law which 'naturalis ratio inter omnes homines constituit', which they did not invent, but only compiled and codified, so do we of this most enlightened age that the sun has shown upon, owe to Jesus the carpenter of Nazareth, an incalculable debt of gratitude for the impress of ideas that stands stamped upon all of our highest institutions as plain as the lion and unicorn trade mark is upon the English goods that come to our shores."

Unfettered by the ignorance and bigotry and superstition that an ancient and modern hired priesthood has found it to its interest to throw around the life of Jesus, his character would, to-day, stand out fresh and beautiful to every intelligent man and woman, as the picture of some great master, just cleansed of the smoke of censers and whitewash, on the walls of some ivy-grown cathedral of Europe."

Not only would Bro. Neal and I be ungenial on the question of theology which is daily more and more asserting itself in Prohibition discussion, and will, before a great while, "split" the churches; but he and I would be sadly inharmonious on the question of woman's suffrage.

In a letter from him that I have just received he speaks of woman's suffrage as "a greater menace to homes than saloons."

I could not, and would not, stand one single editorial utterance of that kind in any newspaper on which my name was to appear as editor.

The man who can say that either does not appreciate that which is ugly in saloons, or that which is beautiful in woman, as I do.

If there is any merit at all in my newspaper it is that I say what, at the time, I honestly believe, absolutely regardless of consequences.

I never saw any other newspaper that I thought did that, and I think there would be one of that kind in the world.

What may be the outcome as a financial, moral or political success I do not know; but I would rather go down trying to do right than to succeed by a compromise.

With a conscience void of offense toward God or man, I can stand before the monument of the "Great Commoner" in our Lexington cemetery, and placing my hand upon my heart look up to his "counterfeit presentment" that towers to the skies, and say, "I would rather be right than President" of the Huffman Mill Turnpike Company.

A Christian who Believes that God Raised me up to Edit the Blade.

TOLLESBORO, LEWIS CO., KY., Sept. 4, 1891.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Friend and Brother Prohibitionist—I sent myself to pen you a few lines in answer to your request in the B. G. B. of August 29, in regard to your continuing to edit your paper.

While I think that you are the one to decide that, I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know what I had to say on the subject.

I am not able to be of any benefit to you so far as dollars are concerned, but if my good wishes and prayers are of any help to you, you can rest assured that you have them; for I do think that you come nearer pleasing me as an editor than any man I ever read after, and I think that the people need your paper, and that if you can, you should continue to edit it. I know of no other man who could come any way near filling your place as editor.

Now do not think, Bro. Moore that I take you to be as pure and spotless as the little prattler on its mother's knee; for I do not. I think that you are like the rest of the human family, after having grown to be men and women.

We have our faults, but I think that your faults as an editor are very small and few in number as compared with other editors. I am satisfied from reading your paper that you are an honest gentleman; true to your own convictions, and bold and fearless in the proclaiming and defence of the same. And that is the man that we need at this present time for an editor, or leader of any kind.

But I am sorry to say that the majority of our leading men of different callings are not that way.

If they were, things would not be as they are to-day. If the preachers of our land and nation were true to the profession they make, and would vote as they pray, the liquor traffic would go out of our country like dry stubble before the fire. But let us not be discouraged, but press on, for the darkest hour is just before day.

I feel that with such men as you, as editors, the Prohibition morn will dawn before long. My faith is strong. I feel that you and I, my brother, will be permitted to see the destruction of the accursed whisky traffic on the American continent; for right is might and will prevail.

We learn from the reading of the Bible, that the Almighty raised up men for special purposes, and that all great and good men had their work to do, and I do believe my brother, that the God that made us and the people of this nation, made you as editor of the Blue Grass Blade, until the liquor traffic is a thing of the past. I think that surely is your calling. I think that such will be the case that the people that are able to help you will come to your assistance, and you will continue your excellent paper, in defence of the right, until the great wrong has been wiped out, and then I trust that your days, like Hese-kiah's of old, may be lengthened out fifteen years, and give you good time and opportunity to correct what errors you may have made in the excitement of the battle against King Alcohol.

Well I will close my remarks hoping my desire for you may come true. And I trust that if we never meet in time we may meet in eternity, among that number that have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

Truly Yours,

W. H. RUMMANS.

While I have received the most substantial encouragement from some very wealthy gentlemen, it is a fact that no poor man has forsaken me, as far as I know; and one woman has written me a discouraging letter.

I have received letters from the most cultivated and most pious women, and clear down to the inmate of a house of ill fame, all with the one exception, expressing all kindness and good wishes for me and my little paper.

The language of Bro. Rummans, who I imagine is a man well along in years, is thrilling to me. He does not read between the lines, and find the poisonous religious doctrine with which I am supposed to be laboring to infect the land.

My life is a wonder to me. Why I, the only son of a very rich farmer, my life being principally passed in the retirement of a country home, without an instance of drunkenness in my family to suggest it, should now be absorbed, to the neglect of business interests, in this crusade against the liquor traffic, while I am commonly spoken of as an infidel, seems strange to me. I feel in myself the lack of the genius and moral courage and perseverance to make me a "hero in the strife", but somehow I do feel that I am "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord", and that there "cometh one after me the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to stoop down and unlatch."

The times are portentous and

mighty issues struggle for birth in the body of futurity. History is repeating itself, and men are talking just as they did when the great war chaldron was beginning to boil, that resulted in the overthrow of slavery.

The liquor traffic is the greatest outrage that ever cursed civilization.

The daily news from every point of the compass brings to us the accounts of the misery and degradation, ruin and death and worse than death—hell on earth, the fires of which are fed by fiends incarnate by the sanction of law; the cries of the widow and the orphan appeal to heaven like the blood of righteous Abel, and bold and grand and good men are coming to the rescue of these innocent sufferers, and this damned traffic will go down, and its infamous defenders will bite the dust, if it takes war and blood to do it.

In a little while, every man whose heart throbs in sympathy with the heroic Nazarene will come out from these churches, the bulwark of this traffic in human lives; and they will be an organized army under a white banner with a Cross on it, and this infamy and atrocity, this outrage upon civilization, this disgrace and stench in the nostrils of all true men will come to an end.

If the true men and women of this land do not combine their efforts against the clergy and politicians and editors who, for base and mercenary motives, are filling our cities and towns with these liquor hells, kept by the lowest and most depraved and ignorant of the offshoots of Europe, who are now controlling the affairs of the state and grasping at the control of the church, this government will never celebrate another centennial.

All other political and religious issues pale into insignificance before this stupendous sin, which, like the fabled bird of "Sinbad", spreads its black pinions from horizon to horizon, and hangs like the pall of doom over the destinies of this country.

Similarity Between the Vote for Josiah Harris in 1891 and Cassius M. Clay 1851.

(From the Southern Journal.)

The vote for Maj. Harris, Prohibition candidate for Governor at the August election, 1891, the last under the old constitution, was 3,293. The vote for Cassius M. Clay, Abolition candidate for Governor of Kentucky, at the August election, 1851, the first under the old constitution, was 3,261. In twelve years after that election the emancipation proclamation was signed. As a student of political conditions I am inclined to believe that in twelve years more the Prohibitionists will win.

D. J. THOMAS.

Wants me in the Lecture Field.

A long good cordial letter from Bro. Whaley at Cynthia, Kentucky wants to entertain me at his house, if I go into the lecture field. It speaks in most complimentary terms of Bro. Neal of "The Worker."

The letter closes as follows. "I see so much in the Blade that ought to be said elsewhere as well, that I can not commend it very largely. I never was a milk and cider man myself."

Christianity and whisky will not mix any more than oil and water.

I could write you Bro. Moore till you would get tired of reading it.

"The half has not been told."

Yours fraternally,

S. W. WHALEY.

Bro. Goddard for the Blade and Woman's Rights.

WILDWOOD, KY., Sept. 16, '91.

BROTHER MOORE—Notwithstanding you will not issue my letters, come to see me at my home, or meet me at your office in Lexington, I write you to say that if you and Bro. Neal will unite in continuing the Blade you can put me down for five copies and a transferring of my stock in the old Blade to the new Blade.

Yours as ever for Prohibition and woman's rights, and more especially woman's rights.

W. W. GODDARD.

But suppose Bro. Neal had said in the Blade as he did to me in a letter, that he thought woman suffrage "a greater menace to homes than the saloons," what would you have said Bro. Goddard? And wouldn't the Blade have caught it from Mrs. Sawyer, of London, and Mrs. Henry, of Versailles, and Mrs. Clark, of Lexington?

Mrs. Henry speaks of Prohibition and woman's suffrage as "The twins." They are regular Siamese twins. When you cut them apart they will both die.

Three cheers for Prohibition and four of them for woman suffrage!

ANTI-NUISANCE WORK.

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING INVESTIGATIONS BY THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Is the Liquor Traffic a Crime? Is it a Nuisance? Can the Legislature Barter Away the Public Welfare? Is License Constitutional?

(Special Correspondence.)

The National Anti-Nuisance League is pursuing an investigation which is very interesting to social reformers. As is well known, the League intends to attack in the Courts the constitutionality of liquor license and revenue laws, and already some cases have been started with a view to test the matter.

Secretary John Lloyd Thomas of the League recently sent the following letter to 1,000 of the leading lawyers of the land, and to a number of statesmen:

NATIONAL ANTI-NUISANCE LEAGUE, 10 East 14th Street, New York, June 15, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—The U. S. Supreme Court in the case of California vs. Christiansen declared as follows: "There are inherent rights in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or of a citizen of the United States."

In the same decision the following statement was made: "The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source."

The National Anti-Nuisance League believes that it can be established by competent evidence that the liquor traffic is a constant menace to public and private morals, health and safety; that it diminishes property values, while advancing insurance charges and increasing taxes necessary to pay the expenses of courts, jails, hospitals and poor-houses largely due to this traffic. The League holds the opinion that such effects, general in their operation, constitute such a traffic a public nuisance.

The United States Supreme Court has also declared in Stone vs. Mississippi: "No Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals." The Legislature cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them.

On these grounds the National Anti-Nuisance League proposes to test in the courts the constitutionality of license and State liquor licensing or obtaining a revenue from the afore-said traffic. This purpose is encouraged by able lawyers in all parts of the country.

Will you kindly answer the questions on the enclosed circular and return it to the office? Our object is to secure a consensus of opinion from the ablest lawyers in the land, not only for our own information, but for the purpose of public enlightenment. Unless forbidden, we would like to publish your opinions over your own name. Trusting you will consider this matter of such great importance as to justify an early reply, we are,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN LLOYD THOMAS, Secretary.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, President.

The following are the questions asked in this LEAGUE INVESTIGATION: 1. Does your legal observation bear out the statement made by the United States Supreme Court to the effect that "no citizen can be deprived of his property without due process of law?" 2. Do you believe that such effects when traceable to a particular business would constitute it under the common law, a public nuisance? 3. If so, would not an injunction lie to restrain such a business? 4. In view of the U. S. S. C. decision in Stone vs. Miss., would you "believe that a Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals?" 5. Can a license or revenue law be pleaded against such an injunction? 6. Do you believe the laws licensing and taxing the liquor traffic are Constitutional, and are the laws which "license, barter away the public health," etc., are justified by the Constitution in licensing the liquor traffic?

A large number of interesting replies have been received, some of which have already been printed. It is worthy of note that only three persons answer the first question in the negative, and the reply of Congressmen Hayes of Iowa, is an example of them all. He says: "No. Any such statement is patent nonsense, not as any observer of criminal matters knows."

On the other hand, hundreds of the leading lawyers, ex-judges and legislators corroborate in strongest terms the statement made by the Supreme Court. The answer of Judge William H. Arroux of New York City is a fair specimen of the replies to this question. He says: "Most assuredly, it is a conservative statement. A careful study of the question for years leads me to the conviction that double the amount of crime, poverty, disease and pauperism is due to Intemperance than to all other sources combined."

John W. Kendall, Esq., of Kentucky, writes on this point: "As a practicing lawyer for twenty-five years and prosecuting attorney ten years, I will not that more crime and misery is attributable to the use of ardent spirits than all other causes."

The answers to the other questions vary widely. To the surprise of the League, the vast majority of the correspondents concur in the opinions expressed by the League, and declare that a business which is responsible for such results is a nuisance, and that license and revenue laws cannot be pleaded successfully in injunction proceedings.

Hon. Wm. M. Price, a Hancock and English elector, and now a prominent lawyer in Western Pennsylvania, is a fair example of these replies. He writes: "I do."

4. Not successfully, if the Court does not reverse itself.

5. I do not believe such laws Constitutional, and no legislature is justified in enacting such laws.

A few well known lawyers, however, take the ground that it is the province of the legislature to define a nuisance, and that license laws enacted by legislatures take the saloon out of the category of public nuisances. But other able lawyers maintain that the dictum of the Supreme Court, "No legislature can barter away the public health and public morals," indicates that the legislature may transcend its powers or mistake its functions, and that the Courts may overrule such action.

One point has been brought out clearly in the investigation. The most conservative replies indicate the conviction that if the effort of the League fails it will not be because of the conservatism, prejudice, favor or fear of the courts.

One lawyer closes his letter with

part in power is favorable to such legislation, and the judges hold their offices by the grace of such party, such judges will not decide said laws unconstitutional."

This may be true but the League is determined to test the matter and see whether the U. S. Supreme Court will recede from its past declarations. W. Jennings Demorest, the Prohibition philanthropist, gives the movement his heartiest support.

In the meantime the Prohibition Party will work on to elect a party to power which will repeal the odious and unconstitutional laws which raise revenue from the crime, disease and pauperism of the people.

The following are selected as fairly representative of the different replies received.

From Ex-Congressman Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, Penn.

1. As to crime, No. As to pauperism, Yes.

2. "The Common Law" has been crucified between the selfishness of civilization and avarice.

3. Legislation has made such havoc of "Law" that it is now found in the prejudices and ignorance of "Courts."

4. That depends on the parties in the suit.

5. As to the Constitution, it is only now invoked to justify courts in their constant violation of the letter and spirit of that instrument.

From Hon. Henry Stockbridge, of Eastman, Me.

1. It does.

2. I do not believe that it is so traceable as to constitute it "a public nuisance." At Common Law, by common sense, and socially and morally it is a nuisance.

3. The last answers this.

4. I think it could; but there are plenty of thoroughly temperance judges before whom such an issue could be tried. Try it.

5. I know of no constitutional provision with which they conflict. A Constitution cannot justify anything that is unjust. It may permit many wrongs to exist. There are many things permitted by Constitution which legislatures ought not to do.

From ex-Senator Henry W. Blair.

1. Yes.

2. Yes.

3. Yes.

4. No. I have claimed for more than twenty years that all saloon licenses are void.

5. All such license or tax for beverage purposes are absolutely void, and are a public nuisance.

The Great Monopoly.

The question of prohibition concerns a monopoly far greater and more injurious than any other we had to deal with. It is a monopoly that is crushing the life out of honest business; and we are paying it not less than \$800,000,000 a year directly, and not less than \$200,000,000 more for indirect taxes.

It creates, and what good is there in it? What good does it do? The shoemaker produces shoes, the tailor clothes, the farmer food; but what does the liquor interest produce? It ruins homes, breaks mothers' hearts, degrades citizens and is everywhere a curse. It steals our boys and makes wrecks of them. It elects its own mayors, councilmen, representatives, Senators, members of Congress, and even the President; it elected Cleveland in 1884 and rather than kill the Republican party by another defeat and so precipitate the liquor question squarely, it elected Hill and Harrison in 1888, and the present administration has proved more friendly to the liquor interest than any other we have ever had; as the record of his appointments show.—Dr. John A. Brooks, at Williamette.

Recruits for the Rum.

The annual immigration for the last fifteen years has averaged about 500,000. The number landing during the year ending June 30, 1891, was 555,496, and increase of twenty-three per cent over the year before, the largest increase since 1860.—Washington Sentinel, (Organ of the National Brewers' Association) Aug. 15th.

It is the holy duty of every man who loves this country, wants its liberties and free institutions preserved, and puritanical demagogues destroyed, to see that all emigrants of such that have been rejected to do so heretofore, take out the necessary papers in order to become naturalized. In every city, town and village there ought to be a standing committee for that purpose. If we want to succeed, we must do it at the ballot-box—Washington Sentinel Aug. 15th.

Ingalls Tells Some Truth.

The address of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls at Monona Lake on Prohibition expresses what has been said so much by Prohibitionists. Coming from a man who has been so prominent in public life, his words will be taken as full of meaning when he says: "For fear of offending the radical Prohibitionists, for fear of offending the brewery interest, for fear of offending the distillers of whisky, there is no one man in public life to-day that dares to tell the honest truth about Prohibition—not one."

This is John J. Ingalls who was one of the public men referred to. It is no more patent to observant men that this is so because John J. Ingalls has said so, but it is well he has said it. Suppose Blaine would free his mind about Prohibition? Would he be the nominee of the republican party the next election? Would Hill or Cleveland if they gave their views?

When men say "liquor traffic" some one is hit every time. There is not another question before the people, nor will there be for ages a question of such magnitude. It makes it no more the truth because a prominent man says so, but it drives it closer home. In the battle of the great giants that will come on this question, such other questions as raise up a strife in politics now will subside into insignificance in comparison.

Maine Liquor Men Arrested.

Alderman Henry Hines and four other wealthy residents of Lewiston, Me., were arrested recently charged with attempting to bribe Deputy Sheriff Odlin and Larrabee not to interfere with them in the liquor business.

H. W. ALDENBURG,

ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDANT, 161 West Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

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